

The Evening World.

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SINCE THE TUSCANIA WAS SUNK.

THE rush to the recruiting offices since the news of the Tuscania disaster reached this country is proof enough of the way the torpedoing of the troopship and the loss of scores of the brave boys who sang as she went down have reacted on Americans at home.

The newspapers reported the sinking of the Tuscania in their issues of Thursday last. On Saturday Commander Adams, in charge of the naval recruiting in the metropolitan district, reported:

"Within four hours of the week beginning yesterday we had recruited our full quota, and since then we have had to turn hundreds of young men away."

That is how American youth takes a challenge.

We are proud of what we, a peaceful Nation, have done in ten months to make ourselves a formidable power for war.

But we don't know yet the thousandth part of the full fighting spirit and strength that are in us.

As we see Americans fall, we begin to feel the vast potentialities of a force that gathers and pushes forward with the grim resolve they shall not have given their lives for nothing.

As more fall, that resolve will quicken and deepen until it becomes one all-compelling purpose, calling forth the Nation's supreme might.

Then we shall know.

THE TORPEDO-PROOF SHIP.

THERE was naturally deep interest in the announcement by Vice Chairman Saunders of the Naval Consulting Board that American inventive genius had at last perfected an unsinkable, torpedo-proof ship.

Americans, however, are too level-headed to celebrate any such achievement until they have practical proof that it is actually what they hope.

Mr. Saunders' optimism regarding the ability of American inventors to solve the submarine problem is well known. It might reasonably be expected, nevertheless, that his cautiousness of statement would have increased rather than diminished since last May, when his "expression of personal opinion" as to the speedy ending of the submarine peril was held by his colleagues to be regrettably premature.

A 9,000-ton vessel, the outer construction of which includes 12,000 air-tight, unsinkable units possessing sufficient buoyant force to keep her afloat even after a torpedo has torn a forty-foot hole in her side, is, according to Mr. Saunders, ready to cross the Atlantic.

Directly Mr. Saunders said it, we were sure to hear more from Washington either about the ship or about Mr. Saunders.

His enthusiasm in this particular direction is, at all events, a thing his fellow countrymen share with him.

IT NEEDS BOLSTERING.

THAT whale luncheon at the American Museum of Natural History may have put the official seal of patriotic approval on whale meat.

But there is still something American housewives would like to know.

Mr. Arthur Williams, Federal Food Administrator of New York, talks of millions of pounds of whale meat that could be supplied to consumers annually at 12 1-2 cents per pound.

Her current experience in buying foods recommended by the Food Administration prompts the housekeeper to ask this question:

Once there is a patriotic demand created for whale, how long will the price remain at 12 1-2 cents per pound?

How long before the retail dealer will be explaining that whale meat has doubled in price because the "wholesale whale handlers" refuse to let it come into the market in quantities sufficient to keep the price down?

To save meat for the soldiers, the Food Administration urged housewives to buy more fish, dwelling upon the relative cheapness of the latter.

That cheapness turned out to be but a brief and transitory illusion. The housekeeper already wonders how soon she will have to pay for fish as much as ever she paid for meat. And she sees little help coming from Food Administrators to keep down fish prices.

Whale is not fish. But both come out of the sea in abundant quantities and so lend themselves to the valorizing process—the latter being the device by which the supply of anything plentiful is held back so that somebody can realize extra profits on it.

Maybe the Food Administrators are ready to take a special grip on whale. But when the housekeeper finds herself charged as much per pound for halibut as for chicken her faith in Food Administration needs bolstering.

Hits From Sharp Wits

"Laugh and grow fat." Hoover won't care.—Toledo Blade.

The trouble with most true stories is that it is customary to add a few lines to make them interesting.—Chicago News.

If you must lie, don't try to fool yourself.—Binghamton Press.

Some people make an awful fuss about a man's being his own worst enemy—but why should they care?—Chicago News.

We move to wait until next summer for our coalless days.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

The stamp of patriotism—the thrift stamp.—Deseret News.

A honeymoon is the slide down hill, and all the rest of life is the walk back.—Binghamton Press.

Most peace overtures provide for

burying the hatchet with the hatchet sticking up.—Philadelphia Record.

Whether a man can win a woman the way he wins a card game all depends upon the kind of a hand he holds.—Binghamton Press.

Thrift stamps will improve with age.—Toledo Blade.

Despite the hard winter, most of the kings and emperors are skating on thin ice.—Chicago News.

Some men wouldn't heed the knock of opportunity if it knocked them down.—Binghamton Press.

Some people keep all their eggs in one basket because you can't divide an egg.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Picture the great American hobo taking his ease on the rods of a pre-fabricated freight train as it dashes by the sidetracked limited.—Pittsburgh Star-Times.

Functioning!

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By J. H. Cassel



War Medals Of the Fighting Nations

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NO. 4.—BELGIUM

THE story of the Belgian Army, steadfastly holding the line which bars the Teutonic invader from the last narrow strip of its native country, has been told and told again, but its telling still brings a thrill. The soldiers of this nation, which without provocation was made one of the first victims of the great conflict, have shown courage and devotion in the highest degree, and many of them wear medals for conspicuous gallantry.

Of these the highest is the Order of Leopold, which was established in 1832. It is in five classes, the first, the Grand Cordon, being rarely bestowed. This was the decoration offered by King Albert to a distinguished American, Brand Whitlock, for it is conferred for both civil and military services. The first four classes are awarded only to officers, the fifth, which carries the rank of Chevalier of the Order, being sometimes presented to non-commissioned officers and men for acts of outstanding bravery at the risk of life. The illustration is the Cross of the Chevalier and the crossed swords show it to be for military services. It is of white and green enamel and worn upon a maroon ribbon.

Ranked only by the order of Leopold is the Order of the Crown, also upon a maroon ribbon, and this is followed by the Order of Leopold II, which is distinguished by its ribbon of blue. Each has five classes, non-commissioned officers and men being eligible only to the lowest, and are for civil and military services to the state. So frequent have been the deeds of courage that many Belgian soldiers have won the Order of Leopold II. Brilliant services behind the line often merit and win these decorations, but there is a distinction; a palm upon the ribbon shows that the bearer earned his decoration at the risk of his life.

The Military Decoration, upon a red ribbon with black and yellow stripes, was established in 1885 for non-commissioned officers and privates and is a highly prized military honor.

The modest bronze Cross of War, instituted by King Albert as a reward of bravery in the present conflict, is bestowed only for gallant conduct. It is awarded without distinction to officers and men alike for gallant conduct. To women also, for many nurses, among them members of the American Red Cross, wear this insignia of devotion to duty on its red, green-striped ribbon.

The Belgian Army has the inspiration of the actual presence of their soldier-king, from whose hands many have received their decorations. The ceremony of presentation is simple but uplifting. Those to be honored are drawn up in line, immaculate officers and mud-stained privates, just from the trenches. Before each the King stands at salute, while his aide reads the crisp, military statement of the act being rewarded. Bending forward, the sovereign kisses the recipient upon the left cheek, the ancient ceremony by which knighthood was conferred.

Albert, Cross of War (Belgium)

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The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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PROCRUSTINATION is not only the thief of time, it is also the cheat of barbers. Mr. Jarr really should have gotten his hair trimmed at least once a month, but he had let it grow for five weeks. He was somewhat guiltily that he climbed into the operating chair of Fred, the sporting barber.

Fred received him with forbearance, but yet was impelled to remark, as he ran his hand deftly over Mr. Jarr's unduly long locks: "A guy would say that you'd be a class gink that would keep natty by a hair trim every two weeks."

"What makes you say that?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"The bumps on your bean," replied the sporting barber.

"You believe in external cranial indications of character, then?" Mr. Jarr inquired in his best Bostonese.

"No, I wouldn't go so far as to say that," said the tonsorial artist as he picked up his scissors and comb, "but there is something in this 'freak knowledge' or 'preknowledge' or whatever it's called, that tells you whether a guy is a sump or a job—you know, tellin' fortunes from the bean of a jolt."

"You mean phrenology," replied Mr. Jarr. "Oh, that's gone out. Yet I remember when it was all the fad."

"And why couldn't it be the right dope?" inquired the sporting barber. "If they can tell your fortune by your hand, which is 'palmistry,' why not by your bean, which would be 'beanistry'?"

"Well, few people place any reliance in phrenology, especially as an exact science, these days," said Mr. Jarr. "But I remember when it had a big following, and when you could see plaster busts everywhere with the brain areas labelled 'Ambitiveness,' 'Combativeness,' 'Philoprogenitiveness'—"

"I getcha," said the sporting barber as he clipped away.

"And there's something to that dope, and then again there ain't." "You can't always tell, you mean?" Mr. Jarr inquired as he blew an irritating wisp of hair off the end of his nose.

"No, not always," said the philosophic Fred. "Now, you've got a bean like a job, and yet you ain't a job."

"So, I ain't a job, you say? Thank you!" murmured Mr. Jarr.

"Yep, the first time you got into my chair I sized you for a job because your bump of wisdom was only a dent," said Fred. "Want a shave, tent?"

"You know I shave myself," replied Mr. Jarr.

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How's Your "Morale"?

By Helen Rowland

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THE OTHER DAY, I heard somebody getting terribly excited over "the morale of the Army," or "the morale of the People," or "the morale of Germany"—or something.

And all of a sudden, it flashed over me, like a great white light, That nobody has more than ONE "morale" to "keep up."

And that the only "morale" I need to worry about is MY OWN!

And then I said this little prayer:

"Oh, Lord, 'Help me to keep my pluck and courage, 'And my FAITH in everybody and everything!'"

"In American ideals, and American grit, and American ingenuity— 'And in Yankee spunk, that has never yet lost!'"

"When eggs go up and wheat and water pipes burst and the gas freezes, and the news in the morning paper is a little disheartening, 'Let me not 'give aid and comfort to the ENEMY'!"

"By walling over my own little woes, 'And helping to drench the world in gloom and to take the heart out of everybody about me!"

"When the blizzard bloweth and the gripe grippeth, 'And the weather seems to be trying to outdo the Kaiser in Schrecklichkeit and to win the Iron Cross, 'Keep me patient and calm and sweetly cheerful."

"That I may help to put serenity into the hearts of those around me. 'Yes, help me to 'come up smiling!'"

"Let me face my meatless, wheatless, sweetless days joyfully, 'Knowing that for every lump of sugar which I must forego in my cup of tea,

"There is a spoonful of sugar for some boy 'over there,' 'And that for every cup of flour that I am denied, 'There is a piece of bread for some hungry soldier."

"Yes, make me GAME! 'Stay me from joining the knockers! 'Help me to be lenient—even to the landlord; gentle—even to the janitor; and PLEASANT—even to the ice-man!"

"When complainers come unto me with their 'oh-how-dreadfuls' and their 'Isn't-it-awfuls' and all their petty troubles, 'Let me smile back at them with a courage and confidence 'That will SHAME them into silence!"

"Though others may fret and fume and sigh and groan, 'And quarrel with fate and the world and one another, 'Let me keep my eyes steadily toward the light, 'And my heart and hands steadily upon 'MY OWN knitting,' my own job,

"And my OWN 'morale!'"

"For, though I am only a woman, 'I know that it will take more than guns and bullets and ships 'To win this war!"

"And I know that the greatest thing that a woman can contribute to the ultimate victory—of a man, or an army, or a nation— 'Greater than sweaters or socks or beanies or arguments, 'Is faith and hope and cheer, and glad SELF-SACRIFICE— 'The smile-that-won't-come-off!"

That is my "morale"—and every woman's! How is YOUR "morale?"

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